ance of the intruder, that there was any danger of his coming downstairs. At this awful suggestion she released Mrs. Crowley's neck and ran down into

the kitchen, where she affectionately embraced the cook, whom, no longer

that there lurked below stairs a some

to lead an attacking party. I went down to negotiate with him and all the

ladies screamed: "Oh! don't leave us alone," and tumbled down the stairs

A brief interview with the tough

young man convinced me that my con-

fidence in him had not been misplaced

"Say, young feller, just watch me while I break his jaw."

At the mention of this desperate deed the woman who had spoken of her hus-band's revolver in our hypothetical con-

versation on the steps fell on her knees and implored me to avoid blood-shed. I replied that if keeping at a safe distance from the scene would con-

tribute to a peaceful settlement I

knew of no man likelier than myself to

accomplish one. By this time the tough

young man had prepared himself for

the work before him. He provided

himself with a fresh chew of tobacco as

a nerve tonic but declined all weapons

though we offered him nearly every

body. But he had made no sign. Mrs.

same man who had entered the house

cross the way; and, remembering the

proof he had there given of being a

most deliberate and painstaking thief,

she pictured him stowing away all her

treasures while we delayed. She was

now somewhat calmer, and was able to

give a partially coherent description of

the villain. It was so dreadful that

even the tough young man was visibly moved. He bit off another piece of to-

bacco and admitted that he would like

to have a good, reliable club. But his

disposition was naturally too prone to

strife to admit of his losing the chance

As we marched up the stairs I took a

position at the end of the column,

where I could cheer the faint-hearted

At least, that was the way I explained

it afterward. Thus it happened that

when Billy Murphy, the tough young

man, entered the third floor front room,

I was not above the second story. When

he pushed the door open the excitement

uncontrollable frenzy that they all

the stairs bearing me with them. From

above there came presently the noise of conflict, and then Billy was heard com-

ing down the stairs with a heavy tread,

"Say, I did him up," said Billy. "He

wasn't in it,see! De chump was sittin'

in a chair, and I give him me right an' left 'fore he knew where he was.

Dere's de remains of him, see, an' say,

He cast his victim on the floor as he

spoke. The man didn't appear-so far

as we could perceive in the dim light of

the hall-to be capable of doing any

further damage, and after a moment-

Suppose you try a little moral sua-

What the blooming blazes does this

sion." I ventured to suggest to Mrs.

Hawkins. But she had something else

on her mind. The man had got upon

his feet by this time, and was looking

mean?" he shouted. "Ras everybody gone clear crazy? Here I go to sleep in

stairs. Then you all stare at me like

"Oh, George!" cried Mrs. Hawkins, in

voice choked with misery, "how did

you ever get in without my seeing you?

It's all your fault for creeping up there

Yes, it was Mr. Hawkins, sur

enough. He had got into the house un-

perceived; had fallen asleep in his chair,

and had been mistaken for a burglat

by his own wife. When we saw th

Hawkinses last that night the power of

moral sussion was being exerted, not

by the person who originally advocated it, but by old man Hawkins himself.

day, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

an asylum full of idiots. What in-

alone by yourself."

dere ain't no flies on Billy Murphy."

and dragging something after him.

and drive deserters back into the ranks.

"A burgular in de house?" said he

after me.

NUMBER 206.

PICNIC BY THE SEA

Where Outdoor Dress is at its Freshest.

IN NEWPORT'S GIDDY SWIRL

Gray Gingham Gown With White Shoes. At the Plazza Tea Drinking-Cos-

turnes at the Castno.

Newport picuics are famous, and if you went to one you wouldn't wonder. e chief cook and bottle washer of the picule season, Mr. Ward McAllister. ma't as yet cooked or bottle washed any festivities this summer, but the younger people are getting on bravely

He's not the only person who has the genius to think of cows to make a field seem genuinely rustic; one of the Jerseys in a spot fashion-favored yesterday



AT AFTERNOON THA.

was even scratched from an encounter with barbed wire, the wounds establishing her truly flesh and blood char-

It's pleasant when the gay procession of the merrymakers' carriages goes rolling out in the morning between wild rose bedges and under broad oaks and lindens, with the blackbirds chattering and the orioles trilling on one side, and the gulls screaming as they wheel over the reefs at the edge of the

It's pleasant when the picnic shelters are pitched on a cliff top crowned with trees and looking down upon the summer sea; the broad striped awning, blue and white and crimson, and the hooked beach chairs and the swinging hammocks give you the very essence, the lazy, laughter loving spirit of July. There are men at Newport, and that's

what causes the picnic to make itself picture-que though by so doing it be-comes less rural. Where else in these United States would a picule girl wear the costume in which a plump blonde stood yesterday afternoon, looking off seaward and watching the steamer from Scitnate Point, as it came leisureswell?

Her frock was gray-a gray gingham, I imagine, with a cape-like flounce of ecru lace about the shoulders, a black ribbon beit at the waist and three-inch wide black ribbon ruffles at the hem. Under the black hem peeped anow white low shoes, laced with black ribbons. Her little black Leghern hat was trimmed with gray streamers and clusters of drooping white locust blooms.

Are not white shoes an eccentricity? At a plenie you might think so, but there's a breeze on Newport cliffs; shoes therefore are objects of solicitous conskieration. There is usually a reason for things. The young woman's parasol, by the way, was of gray silk with a deep double flounce of black chiffon and a white ivory handle.

At a Newport picnic you get out of door life and dress at its brightest and prettiest. Here is a pink batiste frock with a narrow black velvet belt and a broad pink and black ribbon caught about the hem and tied in places in a double bow; there is a grayish blue linen with white ribbon shoulder knots fluttering about it, white girdle and long white ends to the Watteau bow between the shoulder blades.

Scrambling down the cliff to the water side is Mrs. George Tiffany's pretty daughter in a white pique freek, with a short round jacket and a quaint-



striped silk coming to a point at one side under a big bow with ends. She has a narrow band of white velvet about her white Leghorn, with a mass of soft loops at the back tying one pink

ing brilliant floating balls of red seaweed out of a title-pool with a tennis racquet is Mme. Bonsparte in a black India silk gown, with the plaited back little V at the throat filled in with gray and white chiffen, and the sleeves gath ered like a bishop's sieses to a little band of black silk stitched with white and and adged with a fail frill of gray and

erverny ways who is platting only wreather for a group of children. She wearn a green silk blouse with a folded Return of Capt. Paul Roynton's green such knotted under one arm and Water Circus at North pack. Two hunging is fringed ends. Her hat is of hours of antertainment free. Thursmging in fringed ends. Her hat is of forers of entertainment free. Thu

The children are notable for nothing so much as for sunburn and tan. There

is a lively competition among the cot-tagers apparently in the brownness of their youngsters, who outdo the regular country article, both as to the depth of the shade and uniformity of its distribution. Their short white stockings leave long stretches of copper-colored leg, and their faces and arms might almost be of rozy bronze.

The men in white or blue and white checked flannel coats and blue and white striped trousers are almost as interesting as the women and quite come

A cooler sort of diversion than a picnie is a New York tea drinking-when the tea is feed properly. I have in mind a long, deeply shadowed piazza that looks out upon acres of lawn broken up with clusters of magnificent old trees. Beyond the grass comes the deep blue of the Atlantic rolling in at the foot of the cliffs on which the cottage with its favored neighbors stands.

Curtains of dull crimson and gray green figured matting shut out the heat and the sun and lift in the direction from which comes the breeze. Blue and yellow Japanese jars three and four feet high stand in the nooks and angles filled with lush growing ferns. There are rattan rockers and hooded beach chairs lined with crimson and little tables heaped with books and other little tables carrying crystal bowls in which float pond lillies and be-

side the flowers the tea things. Here comes Calvin S. Brice's daughter in a fresh afternoon frock of fine pink gingham, figured with gray. Her pink silk sash is a long pink silk searf, rather it is flong about her shoulders and drawn down in folds to her waist in front, slipped under her pink velvet belt with its gold filigree buckle and falls with its fringed ends nearly to the ground. Broad, pointed bodice revers are turned back almost upon her arms and faced with pink silk like that of the long sash drapery. Her hat is a small affair of pink mull and roses.

Here, too, comes Mrs. William C. Whitney, in a smart and cool-looking frock of white serge with girdle and knots of pale yellow ribbon.

Here comes the handsomest girl of the early season, a tall brunette with a small, oval face, above which her dusky hair is smoothly parted in the middle and drawn back in the fashion dared by so few women, but occasionally piquant and most becoming. The dark beauty wears pale blue crepon trimmed with deep flounces of black Chantilly from hem of the skirt half way to the waist and again about the plump shoul-



ders. There is a black velvet belt at her waist and inside the belt is thrust a stem of scarlet geraniums.

Her big leghorn hat is trimmed with black velvet loops and geranium clusters, and her parasol is a big blue chif-

Blackberries served on glossy oak leaves go with the tea, and to season them is much talk of the coming weddings and the great fleet of yachts now in the harbor.

At the Casino there is a reign of lace. It is hard to find a woman who is without the season's shoulder flounces which are deep enough for capes, and are turned back and caught up and ribbon-knotted over the arms in a way to encourage the cape delusion. A noticeable toilet yesterday was a sheeny lilne taffeta figured with blue and white buchelors' buttons in quaint, stiff besigns. It had a girdle of the flowers at the waist and others were tucked into the narrow ribbon ruffle at the foot of the skirt. It had falling draperies of ecru lace at the throat and shoulders, and the wearer's bonnet was a handful of lilse chiffon with another handful of

flowers. A second costume was a black grenadine over which were heliotrope sprays. It was cut to lie a few inches on the floor, and was bordered with three ruffles, one black, one hellotrope and one lead green. The bodice had coscades of eliotrope chiffen tucked into its folds. and was finished with a folded girdle of colored moire, embroidered with silver. Black, heliotrope and rose were repeated in the young matron's hat and

in her parasel.

Mrs. George Tiffany's daughter, Mrs. Douglass Grant, who is a sister in-law of Miss Adele Grant, wore a charming dress of green India silk embroidered at the hein with cord patterns in white silk and finished at the waist with a broad silk girdle figured mistily with

It is said that the trailing gown for street wear has had its day, but if so Newport has not heard or has not yet condescended to obey the decree. Young and old, rich and poor, cottagers and their servant maids, sweep the sidewalks with their drapertes, and the degrees of grace with which frocks are held up at crossings. Some time, per-haps, there may dawn a more sensible

Women Tell How They Would Treat One of Them

IF HE WERE TO BE CAUGHT

One of Them Had a Chance to Try It, and the Result Was a Dislocated Ear for Her Husband.

We were sitting on the steps of the boarding house, a dozen or so of us. The landlady had just told a story, which had been pronounced good by such of us as were behind with our board money. The story related to a daring robbery that had been perpe-trated in the boarding house across the

ner had entered the house in broad daylight "regardless of his reputation," as our landlady maliciously added. He had taken things very coolly, and among the things which he had taken were various articles of jewelry which had been rather suspiciously worn by a lady with supernaturally light hair. The burglar had remained in her room nearly an hour and had collected every article of value which she was not wearing at the time, but as she generally wore nearly all the jewelry that she owned, he was short a couple of dozen rings and a watch. Perhaps he was feeling sorry for this, when sud-denly and unexpectedly the lady re-turned and caught him in the act. Thereupon she fainted dead away and the burglar removed from her inanimate form those trinkets which the poor fellow might have missed if she had not come back just in the nick of

Some of the gentlemen of our party said that this was rather rough on the lady, but most of our boarders of the weaker sex seemed to think that it served her right—for what I did not ascertain. The landlady simply re-marked that the burglar was the only person she had ever known to visit that house and come away satisfied with what he got in it.

This story introduced the general subject of burglars, and the ladies began to tell what wise and vigorous action they would take in an emergency similar to that which had been too much for their neighbor. Their methods of action differed one from the other, but they were alike in this that they left the burglar no earthly chance to escape with his life. One of them said she would grasp her husband's revolver, etc., etc., but when I asked her which end she would grasp it by she was unable to state. Another told how she had once dispersed three tramps by hurling a flat iron at them. This missile had severely wounded the fourth tramp who was approaching from another direction.

Finally an intellectual young woman who had recently been graduated from an advanced educational institution know whether "Hamlet" was written by Shakespeare or Laura Jean Libby) spoke up in contradiction of them all. She said it was a mistake to resort to violence in such cases. Moral suasion was much better. She knew how it worked because she had had experience with the most hardened ruffians on the face of the earth, having taught school in an eastern seaport town, where, in her opinion, the boys followed piracy as a trade in vacation time.

She said that if she found a burglar in her room she would politely ask him to sit down.

She would then explain to him the enormity of his crime and its inevitable consequences. She would show him



WE CLOSE IN ON THE BURGLAR that riches acquired in such a way could not bring any real and lasting joy to their possessor. She outlined to us fully the arguments she would use, and I was of the opinion that if any burglar took them all at one dose he would not be in a condition to resist arrest, and in any case a few quiet years in the penitentiary would afterward appear to him

We talked about this grewsome subject for about two hours, and, when we were done, I think no lady in the party expected to find fewer than seven masked men in her room when she went up to bed. Only she who had advocated moral sussion preserved a sem-

biance of calm. We dispersed on the stairway and went to our several cages. I had just reached mine when an uncarthly akrick rent the sir. I rushed downstairs and most of the others did the same. Two ladies, however, went down on the rear fire escape, and another got into hed and pulled the clothes up over her

On the lowest flight of stairs I was overtaken by the advocate of moral sussion, who passed me to a canter, and meeting the landfudy is the hall, three both arms around her neck and burst

"there's a man in my room."

there are white gloves in her lap with TALK OF A THIEF We were most of us in the hall by OUR MAN OF STYLE this time, and we all talked at once. The only other man beside myself went The only other man beside myself went out to find a policeman, and I think be has not found him yet. It devolved upon me, then, to do something. I, therefore, as a preliminary measure of prudence, asked Mrs. Hawkins (the lady who had discovered the burglar) whether she thought, from the appearance that intender that there was

Some Who Look Perennially Young and Blooming.

WIGS AND THEIR PECULIARITIES

De Wolf Hopper Has His "Hair Cut" Saturdays-Vice President Morton's Headgear.

"Always be young," said a wise man

ago than domer time, she had reviled.

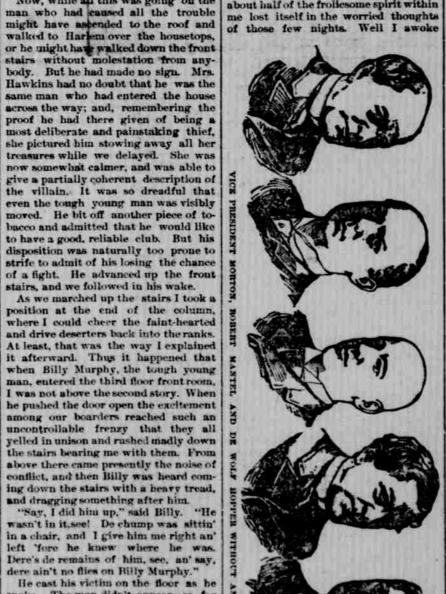
This gave me an idea. I remembered what tough young man who waited on the table. The violent manner in which he was accustomed to brandish a loaded ing it impossible to keep up with Father Time's pace has paraphrased the adage and is determined to "appear soup plate over a boarder's head marked him for one who was utterly reckless of human life. Evidently he was the man young" as long as there is dye for mus-

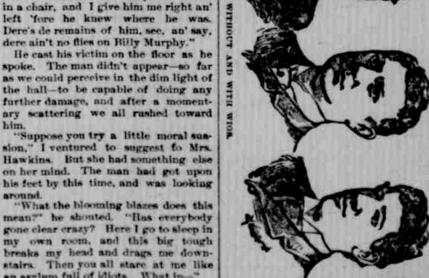


taches in the land, wigs for bald pates

or grease for wrinkles. Does he use these airy trifles? The answer lies in an emphasis on the "Does he." He uses them in the morning, he uses them in the evening; he uses every imaginable device to keep his eyes bright, his face clear, his hair of the color of youth, and he is equal to all emergencies when it comes to hiding the ravages of age and time.

There are two periods in the life of a man of fashion which are of the nature of calamities. The first is the disap-pearance of the hair on the top of his head, and the second is the appearance of a gray hue in the black mustache or the finely chiseled imperial. I heard Ward McAllister descant on the latter calamity once in a most dramatic manner. "I noticed the first gray hairs in he, "and for five nights I didn't sleep a wink. Then I began to realize that wasn't so awfully young any more, and about half of the frolicsome spirit within me lost itself in the worried thoughts





finally to a realization that something had to be done. Something was done Oh, see the glistening black of this really fron gray mustachef".

would go. But he is not the only one who "cast the dye" and crossed the Rubloop of artificiality. Vice President Morton is another elderly gentleman with a fine shock of "made" hair. Hat he is extremely careless in its application. Time and again the white hair will show from under the sides of his red wig and then his friends realize that

He was trying by a severely logical process, founded on hard facts and a De Wolf Hopper hasn't a natural hair lislocated ear, to convince his wife that to his head, and the most amusic feature about him is his daily changeshe did not know enough to go in out of the wet. Howard Friz rens. wigs. He wears them all finely curied and pays screenty-five dollars for each.
On Saturday he wears one in which the hair is rather longer than on other days. "That's to show the boys I need Monroe street.

A five assortment of white silk mall hats; slaw white chip sailors for mid-sommer wear at Adams & Co., No. 90 Monroe street. Return of Capt Paul Boynton's Water Circus at North park. Two hours of entertainment free. Thors-

a hair out," says the droll comedian by

a hair out," says the droll comedian by way of explanation.

Who would imagine that Robert Mantell, the petted star, wears a prosaic wig? Ah, time has weighed him in the balance and the flies can mirror themselves in his bald pate. But then Mantell wears wigs that cost all the way from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars and they are all of a most artistic black.

But I am determined to tell you how.

But I am determined to tell you how to appear young at all times, and for this purpose I dropped in on one of the best "make-up" artists in New York. He told me that he had put the possibilities of the "shop" into rhyme and here is the way it reads: But I am determined to tell you how

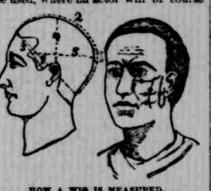
way it reads:

With pencii, powder and the brush, I reproduce the matien's blash,
Take out the lines that care has set.

Obliterate all trace of fret.
Remodel men grown old and gray,
Make them look sprightly, young and gay.
I moid the face like baken broad,
Transform the hair, the beard, the bend,
Turn old to young and young to old.
From merry clown to warrior bold.
The kings and queens and jodly knaves,
Each in their turn become my slaves.
Their face I form to suit the fashion,
Of love or hate, remorse or passion.
The beggar, poet and the tramp.
The maid or maiden fair to see,
I make them up most charmingly,
And men who have a shiny pate,
This matter, too, I regulate.

"A good actor has as much system."

"A good actor has as much system about his make-up," said he, "as a sucfairs. There are lines of the face which must be studied and the man of fashion who is getting old-looking and wrinkled need but take a lesson or two of an ex-pert make-up artist, and he can look like a winner against time even if he knows that the end will find him beaten. There are lines along the side of the nose, from the side of the eye down to the lower part of the cheek and down along the ear, which an actor always utilizes to make a thin-looking face, while horizontal lines along the cheek are used to harden the countenance. As a rule for street use dry colors should be used, where an actor will of course



Perpendicular lines show where applied colors lengthen the face. Horizontal lines show where applied colors broaden the face.

use the regular grease paint. Here are some interesting directions on how a youthful face is 'made,' which I quote

from the book of a make-up artist:
"Smear the face well with what in the profession is called cocoa butter, or the ordinary vaseline. Rub the face well with a towel and then begin the application of your grease or dry colors. If you want to look pale use what the profession calls color No. 1. If you want to look light complexioned use color No. 8, and if youthful and darkskinned color No. 4. Then apply what is known as rouge de Paris high on the cheek bones and just a slight touch of it on the chip. The task of blending the rouge is considered a very delicate operation by the actor. It must be rubbed smoothly and gently over the cheeks on either side of the face, conforming as nearly as possible to the contour of the face. Rub it up close to the lower eyelids, toward the side of the nostrils and toward the ears, high on to the temples and down the face, un-til the red spots have become blooming

If the face is too hollow or thin more red on the parts fallen in; the ther back the rouge, the larger and fuller the cheeks. In fact, try the effect of putting the rouge well toward the cars. To destroy the appearance of high check-bones put dark red high on them and lighter red in front, with dark red on all projecting points and lighter red on the sunken places.

If the face is too full and plump put a

dark red on it, which invariably makes it appear smaller. Put the rouge near the postrils, but avoid extending it too pear the cheek bones.

Now then, to come to your prominent nose. You want it to look smaller. Well, here is the way an actor does it. He extends the rouge from the checks to the sides of the nose, but not too much. In fact, he is aware that a small nose can be apparently increased by keeping the rouge from it. A white dot on the tip of the nose makes it appear very long and pointed.

But these are really only a very few of the pointers needed to make changes in human faces. Every countenance has its own peculiarities, and the slightest touch of color makes a de-

Some day when you are at a swell so cini sffair take a good look at a certain man whose face you know is naturally as red as a beet. Study it carefully. and possibly you will be able to see the into the "wee sma" hours. That will be the most convincing proof to you that our older men of fashion do more than dye their hair or moustaches, more than simply wear sriistic wigs. These Baron Chevreniis "make up" with more than the skill of the best actors, for they are not protected by distance and the glare of the electric lights at a swell affair never gives away the secret of the "lost

ALBERT EDWARD TYRRELL.

An Anglishman has lately suggested that the tone of "Ramlet" was eng gested by the poet's loss of his own father. In a transcript of the Stratford register he has found an entry of the funeral of Johannes Shakespeare under date of September 9, 1661. "Hamlet" la believed to have been the play next published after that date and no fewer than three characters in the play de-place the less of their fathers. Scratio and Ophelia as well as Hamlet bimself.

ISSUE OF THE DAY

It Is Squarely Protection Against Free Trade

THE DEMOCRATS CANNOT WIN

No Longer Can the Cobdenius Hide Ba hind the Mask of Tariff " Reform?" This Is a Protectionist Country,

A canvass of the delogates to the time tional Democratic convention in Chi showed that every one of these for a revenue tariff, which is merely another name for Cobdendsm or English fron trade. If further proof were necessary the free trade platform adopted by the Chicago convention is ample. It proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Democratic party will in this compaign take bolder ground on the tariff ques-tion than ever before. Hitherto there have always been some Democrats who indignantly denied the charge that their party was committed to free trade. But each succeeding year the number with the requisite cheek to keep up this de-nial has diminished, till this year it is not likely that any soif respecting Demo-crat will be found to disclaim for his party its manifest radical Coldenistic tendencies. Democrat and free trader have come to be almost synonymous terms.

free trade party. We have no fears as to how the people will decide when and a free trade tariff. The only danger in past contests has been the reluc-

an unequivocal position.

Though employing the arguments of Cobden and Bright, of Sunner and Perry, of Curhisle and Mills, all of whom are avowed free traders, uncompromisingly hostile to protection in form, Democratic orators and editors have disclaimed that they were teaching free trade. To their success in persuad-ing the people that they were opposing only the abuses of protection, not pro-tection itself, has been due whatever inpression they have been able to make on the popular mind.

For this is a protectionist country. Let no one forget that. It started in an protectionist under Washington and Hamilton and Jefferson and Madison and it continued such in later years under the teachings of Jackson, Clay and Webster. Nor has it forgotten that Lincoln and Grant and Greeley taught the

And today it sees the greatest and noblest of its statesmen advocating its continuance. Many years will have passed before the American people de-sert these statesmen for the shallow sert these statesmen school of American free traders, repre-school of American free traders, represented by Cleveland, Carlisle and So the plainer the issue is made the

better it will suit us. And it must of necessity be made plain in this cam-paign, after the many rabid free trade speeches and editorials which have been put forth in defense of so called tariff "reform." After the bold free trade declarations from the recognized leaders of the Democratic party during the past four years, the party managers can hardly have the impudence to insult the intelligence of the people by instructing their paraders, as they did four years ago, to cry in unison:

Don't, don't, don't be afraid; Tariff "reform" is not free tre

As for the Republicans, they cannot hedge if they would, and would not if they could. Their McKinley tariff is there to define their position more clearly and forcibly than it could possibly be defined in mere words. There is not a line of it which is not protective, and he who attacks it at any point is attacking

Let its enemies come on. The people of this country know what it has done for them, particularly the working people and the farmers, and they will know enough to recognize in its assailant the enemy of their ewn interests. There will be no snap judgment like that of 1890 in this election. Let the free traders keep that in mind. In the words of President Harrison, "In 1890 it was a conflict of predictions, now our adversaries must face trade statistics and prices current." and prices current:"

Free traders tell us that our wee ful industrial growth is due to our in-ventions and labor saving machinery.

As usual, they put the cart before the

horse.

It is our American ayetem of protection that creates and developes industries, giving our masses work and wages, comforts and homes, education and ambitton.

This etimulates inventive genius, and when new devices are planned and purfected there is use for them at once.

Thousands of pairs of boots and shows are daily made in Massachusetts by machinery, giving employment to thousands.

machinery, giving employment to thou-sands of worknown at good wages. We expert largely to England, where labor is much cheaper than in this

The Upited States leads in inv three times as many patents granted here as in Great Britain, During our free trade period, fr 1846 to 1860, the total number of pate

From 1904 to 1875 the number granted was 127,945, and from 1875 to 1890 the number was 188,065.

The greatest number issued to any one year prior to 1888 was 4.819, while now your prior to less was 4.5%, while now two issue accountly from 25,000 to 10,000. The result is a cheapening of the product, increased consumption and greater demand for isbor at good wages.

Protection does not make ger but it does make the opportunity, proves the mind, stimulates the inand rewards the inventor.

Wherever the infinence of a preturiff lose been greatest, there for has progressed most rapidly. The re-